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From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

Our Publishing Interests.

MR. EDITOR: I see that several of the editors of our Church papers are beginning to cut out work for the next General Conference. To this there can be no objection. Perhaps it is very well that these matters should be discussed, that the public sentiment of the Church should be fairly understood, so that the Conference may not go into the work of making changes in the dark. Several things have been indicated as necessary for the General Conference to change.

First, it is deemed important to change the name of the Church, because, as is alleged, the word "South" at the end of our name makes us too sectional. There may possibly be some force in this view, but there seems to be some difficulty in selecting any title free from objection. I think that no two of our amending editors agree as to what our new name may be. We will wait a while till we see what title can be devised on which these editorial gentlemen can agree. If they can give one free from objection, very well; if not, we go for holding on to the old name.

But there are several other matters of change proposed, which in our judgment demand more serious and careful consideration. The Book Concern looms up before us in all its gigantic proportions. We have, as the result of the united wisdom of the last General Conference, established a *great Publishing House for the South*. We have gone into the business on a grand scale, and neither pains or expense have been spared to make it worthy of Southern patronage. It is in fact, probably, the most complete and extensive publishing establishment in the South, and has abundantly demonstrated its capacity for manufacturing the very best sort of books to any extent that may be required. But the making books is one thing, and selling them another. It is a very easy thing, with the appliances which we have at command, to manufacture any quantity of books; but what is the use if they are to lie on the shelves unsold? Printers and binders and paper makers don't take their pay in books, nor will editors and agents do any better. Cash, cash, is necessary for them all. Books won't pay butchers nor house-rent; money is indispensable, and where is this money to come from if the books be not sold? And now the question comes up, how shall these sales be promoted? This seems to have puzzled our wise men not a little, and various schemes have been suggested. Two or three things have been asserted with the utmost confidence: First, that the only object of our Book Concern should be to furnish the public with a sound and *cheap* literature, and that nothing should be made in the way of profit, it being deemed all-sufficient for the concern to pay its own expenses, nothing more, and of course nothing less. The idea which possessed the souls of those holy men who first gave existence to this grand agency for diffusing light and truth, was that our books should be made and sold at such prices as similar books would be charged for by other respectable booksellers, and that whatever profits might accrue from the sale should be appropriated to the most sacred of charities. All this is of course repudiated by the modern scheme, and the great rage now is to make everything very cheap. Well, all this harping on cheap, cheap, sounds very pretty, and we are apt to swallow it without further consideration; but it may be well to examine it a little, and test its soundness before we embrace it entirely. What is the object of this grand hue and cry for cheap literature? If we had a large endowment which yielded us a handsome annual dividend, it would be proper to publish a considerable amount of literature to be distributed to the poor gratis, or at very low prices; but circumstanced as we are our Publishing House must conduct its business on strictly business principles, and must not regard itself, or be regarded by others as a charitable establishment. It must conduct its business as do other large and respectable publishing establishments; and if its profits justify, then let the proceeds be appropriated to charitable purposes. But it seems all the charity of the concern is to ooze out in cheapening the price of books. What charity is there in selling a good book to a rich man at little more than half its price? I have often heard it said that our books are too high. Now I am really tired of this, especially from the lips of traveling preachers. I have taken some pains to look into this matter, and am satisfied from actual comparison that our books are sold just as cheap as other respectable booksellers sell their books gotten up in a similar style. The American Tract Society may possibly sell their books a few cents cheaper, ; but certainly after the flourish about *Southern patriotism* with which we were entertained by the advocates of a Southern Publishing House, at the General Conference, neither our preachers or people will give the preference to books which are not only of Northern manufacture, but proceed from anti-Methodistical sources, because of a small per cent.'s difference in price. Now I am not going to enter the lists against the array of editorial talent which seems to be marshalling on the other side. I simply wish to give my own views on the subject. I repeat then that I regret we should give encouragement to this rage for cheapening everything connected with our religious literature. My creed is simple: Make *good* books, both as to matter and style, and then sell them at the same rates at which other respectable booksellers dispose of a similar class of works; and if there be then any profits let them be applied to the great charitable objects contemplated in the original establishment of the Book Concern. But if it be said that we cannot compete with the publishers of cheaper religious literature above referred to, we ask how is it that other booksellers compete successfully with them? I regret that any of our Church papers have fallen from two dollars to one dollar and a half per annum. We publish no paper which is not richly worth two dollars, and I believe this bringing them down below their intrinsic value does injury to the finances and character of the paper, and to the people themselves, as it caters to the love of money, which is already sufficiently vigorous.

But there is another subject of some importance that has been recently mooted, which is the manner in which the Bishops are to get their support. It is known that the last General Conference ordained that the Bishops should draw their allowance quarterly from the Book Concern. This arrangement has been offensive it seems in various quarters, and scarcely an exhibit has been made in the last four years, or an article written on the Book Concern, but this has been held up to view as a peculiarly onerous burden. In fact so often and so loudly has this thing been harped on, that if the Bishops are not devoid of delicacy they must have felt occasionally a little sore, especially when they are gravely informed from high authority that some of the preachers refuse to sell the books of the concern, alleging that the Publishing House is just gotten up for the convenience of the Bishops, and that they will patronize no such establishment. [Poor Bishops! Are we then so much in the way that Methodist preachers in the Southern Church refuse to sell the books of their own Publishing House because the Bishops are supported from the proceeds?] It is said that the Bishops get their support *certainly*, whilst many of the preachers fail. And are the Bishops the only men who get their support certainly? Do not our editors, book agents and secretaries get their salaries certainly! And do not some of these and many of the stationed preachers, principals of colleges, etc., get more than the Bishops, and get it certainly? Are the Bishops allowed too much, or is it regarded a matter of prime importance that they should fail to get their allowance? But, Mr. Editor, as it seems of great importance in the estimation of some brethren that the monetary circulation should be equalized, perhaps as the General Conference is supposed to possess large powers in the premises, it might be well for them to order that all the moneys collected for the benefit of the Church be placed in the hands of competent treasurers, and that at the close of the year there shall be a collection of agents, editors, secretaries and preachers, and there be a *pro rata* division of the funds among all the claimants, the Bishops coming in among the rest. This perhaps might equalize the circulation. I don't say that I shall defend this plan; I just throw it out for consideration. More hereafter.

JAMES O. ANDREW.

Summerfield, Ala., Oct. 20, '57,

From the New York Chronicle.

Heaven, What is It?

Heaven literally and primarily imports the atmosphere above our heads—the air—the region of clouds connected with our earth.

Heaven, figuratively, means happiness. It means a state, as well as a place of bliss.

That such is the import of Heaven literally and figuratively; and that such is the location of the literal old Heaven, which now exists, will appear by consulting, for a few moments, the Book of God, to which I now appeal. I have already quoted Genesis i, 1, in proof of Heaven being a place. See also, in connection, the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses.

Here we have the answer of Divine inspiration, that the "firmament," (Hebrew) "expansion or expanse," or, in other words, the atmosphere, or air, which divided the waters which were under from the waters above it, "God called Heaven." This was the old Heaven, which was created at the beginning, in which the fowl resided, (Gen. vii, 23,) the windows of which it is said (Gen. viii, 2,) "were stopped," and from which "the rain was restrained." This was the Heaven, to "the top" of which the tower which was begun in the plains of Shinar, called Babel, was designed to reach. Gen. xi, 4. This was the Heaven out of which the angel of God called Hagar. Gen. xxi, 17. The same that Jacob saw in his dream, connected with the earth by a ladder, on which the angels of God ascended and descended. Gen. xxviii, 12 In fine, it was the Heaven of which Moses, Samuel, and the prophets all speak throughout the Old Testament Scriptures; and of which Christ and his apostles speak, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation. It is the firmament—the expansion or the expanse, the atmosphere or the air—which divided the waters below from the waters above it.

Hence we read (Matthew xxvi, 64) of "the clouds of Heaven," and (Mark i, 11) that there came a voice from Heaven, saying to Jesus at his baptism, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And, (Luke iii, 21,) "that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the Heaven was opened." And (Acts vii, 55, 56) it is said of Stephen, the first Christian martyr, that "he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God; and said, Behold, I see the Heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

This was the old Heaven which was created at the beginning, which existed in the Patriarchial, Jewish, and Christian ages, and which at present exists. It is, I repeat it, the expanse, the atmosphere or air which surrounds our globe.

Peter, the apostle, says of this Heaven, that it, alike with the earth which we now inhabit in the flesh, "is reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." 2 Peter iii, 7. It is to be burned up: "The day of the Lord will come," says Peter, (verse 10,) "as a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up." What, then, shall the righteous do? Whither shall they go? Where will be the Lord with his people?

"And I saw a new Heaven and a new earth," says John, "for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea."

At the time of, or just before the great conflagration, we are informed by Paul (1 Thessalonians iv, 16,) that "the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then, we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them [that have died] in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we be ever with the Lord."

Where shall we be ever with the Lord—in Heaven, or upon earth? The inquiry, however, is an interesting one; and it is one on which the voice of reason and revelation is altogether silent.

"And I saw a new Heaven and a new earth." In reference to the character and locality of the old earth there is no question with any of us. It is, we all say, the globe which we inhabit. Well, it has been shown that the old Heaven is the expanse above it; and is the atmosphere or air which surrounds it. What, then, will be the new earth, but the matter of this purified, remodeled, and newly fitted up? And what will be the new Heaven, but the matter of our present atmosphere purified, renovated, and completely adapted to the new earth?

It is supposed, and said, and believed, that all the mutations which have taken place since the creation, in Heaven and earth, have not destroyed a single particle of matter. No fire has yet, and the fires of the last day will not destroy, but only disolve and change the state of the matter of which they are composed. God, our heavenly father, therefore, did not create to annihilate. The earth—the matter of this earth—will exist forever. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," says the wise man, Solomon; "but the earth abideth forever." Ecclesiastes, i, 4. But the question—the great question, now before us—ponder on it; think upon it, reader, till you hear from us again.

F. W. E.

POPERY AND CRIME,—According to their own Almanac, the Roman Catholics constitute a tenth part of our population, and yet they have furnished, as statistics prove, three-fourths of all the felons who have terminated their career in this country on the scaffold within the last twenty years. This is a significant fact, and merits consideration.

From the Christian Register.

The Widow's Plaint.

O, where art thou, my loved and lost companion!
My idol once, my only hope and stay!
Thou who didst win and hold my heart's affections,
And whose loved presence crowned my happy day!
I call thy name but wait in vain an answer:
Thy ready voice no longer calms my fear,
Or cheers by angel-tones my fainting spirit.
O, loved and lost one, wilt thou never hear?

Alone I sit and muse on times departed,
On cherished hopes and joys no longer mine,
Recall the vows in fond affection plighted,
When thou for hours didst press my hand in thine.
I walk among the plants thy care hath cherished,
I note each shrub and every favorite tree,
And every flowery path where thou hast led me,
Now doubly dear, is eloquent of thee.
When to my listening ear thy praise is spoken,
What sense of bitter loss pervades my breast!
Tumultuous passions stir that secret fountain
Whose troubled waters not again shall rest.

What dost thou, Death, from earthly fields selecting
The fairest flowers, and richest in perfume!
At thy fell touch, at once their glories perish;
Nor form, nor fragrance will they more assume.
So hast thou robbed me of my choicest treasures,
And quenched that life for which I wished to live:
Closed is the eye that beamed on me in brightness!
Vain, vain to me is aught that earth can give!

But hush, my soul! suppress thy vain repinings!
Tho' tempest-tost, and whelmed with surging waves,
Look to that FRIEND who walks upon the billows,
Whose love supports thee and whose mercy saves.
O, upward, hopeful look! There is a heaven
To faith revealed, wherein is perfect peace;
Where all unknown are sorrowing dispensations,
And at whose portals earthly conflicts cease.
This life below is filled with dark forebodings;
Olt do the heavenly orbs withdraw their light:
O may each shadow prove an angel's pinion,
To aid my spirit on its upward flight!

A Railroad Reminiscence.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next express train go out for St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, to-night, sir," was the gentlemanly reply.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to Texas! Why it's ten this very minute! I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning express is off."

"Yes, sir; it has been gone half an hour."

The stentorian voice sounded like a trumpet, and aroused every sleeper from dreams in which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned and every eye was fixed on the man who had thus broken the silence. He was standing by the stove, warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cowhide and sole leather would have been a fourteen hours' operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders (encased in a fur coat,) that looked more like bearing up a world than you will ordinarily meet in a life time. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, whiskers to match, his eye dark and piercing, and his jaws eternally moving with a rousing quid between them, while a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicager, eh? Wall I can stand it if the rest can. If twenty dollars won't carry me through I'll borrow of my friends. I've got the thing that'll bring 'em. That's so." And he thrust his hand, a little less in size than a common spade, down into the depths of a broad striped, flashy pair of pants, and brought up that great red hand as full as it could possibly hold of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said an envious-looking little man. "You've more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Wall I reckon not. I came honestly by it. That's so. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the p-rairies trapin' p-rairie hens and the like to get him a night's lodging, or a pair of shoes to keep the massasugers from biting my toes—and hung myself more nor one night on the timber to keep out of the way of wild varmints. Best sleeping in the world on the notch of a tree-top! Now I reckon you wouldn't believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe to my foot, and lived on wild game when I could catch it. That's so."

"Didn't stunt your growth any," said a voice.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These p-rairies are wonderful roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely; but me and mother held a corcus, and decided that she was getting old and blind, and it took too long and cost too much to sew the legs of my trousers, and so put a stop to it and concluded that six foot five would do for a feller that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make his breeches. It was only my love for my mother that stopped my growth. If I'd had an idea of a sewing machine there's no telling what I might have done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your pocket you can afford to have your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother hold another caucus and see what you can do?"

"Stranger," said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed up with a long mingled expression of pride, "I spoke a word here just now I didn't mean to; a slight word like, about my mother. I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back for one hour to look upon this country as it is now. She had her cabin here when Chicager was nowhere. Here she raised her boys. She couldn't give them learnin', but she taught us better things than books could give—to be honest, useful and industrious. She taught us to be faithful and true, to stand by a friend and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side here, with our own hands; and with many a tear and sob we turned away from the cabin where we'd been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothin' to keep us—and so we went out to seek our fortunes. My brother he took to St. Louis, and got married down there somewhere, and I just went went where the wind blowed, and when I had scraped money enough together I came beck and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I laid her bones was sacred like. Wall, in course of time it turned up in the middle of Chicager. I couldn't stand that; I loved my old mother too well to let the omnibusses rattle over her grave, so I cum back about fifteen years ago and quietly moved her away to the burying ground, and then I went away to Texas, and wrote to an agent afterwards to sell my land. What cost a few hundreds to begin on I sold for forty thousand—and if I had kept it until now it would have been worth ten times that. That's so. I work hard, am the same rough customer, remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink, gamble or fight—wish I didn't swear or chaw—but them's got to be a second natur' like, and the only thing that troubles me is my money. Have got no wife or children, and I'm going to hunt my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever, industrious, ain't ashamed of my big bots and old-fashioned ways, and if his gals are young women and not ladies, if they help their mother and don't put on mor'n two frocks a day, I'll make 'em rich, every one of em.

"Now, gentlemen, 'tain't often I'm led to tell on myself after this fashion, but these old places where I trapped when I was a boy, makes me feel like a child again; and I feel just like telling the youngsters here about the changes and chances a feller may meet in life if he only tries to make the most of himself.

"But boys," said he, turning to a party of young men, "there's something better than money. Get education. Why, boys, if I had as much learnin' as money, I could be President in 1857 just as e-a-s-y. Why I could buy up half the North and not miss it out of my pile. But get learnin' don't chaw tobaccer, don't take to liquor, don't swear, and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live sucker. And if you mind what I say you may be a man, and it ain't every fellow that wears a goatee and breeches that's a man by a long ways. Foller out her counsels, and never do a thing that'll make you be ashamed to meet her in heaven. Why, boys, I've never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reproving me—and I never done a good thing and made a good move but I seemed to hear her say, 'That's right;' and that has been better than all. Nothin' like a mother, boys; nothin' like a mother. That's so."

All this had passed while waiting to wood up just out of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up by the dark shadows of the past; his big rough frame heaved like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears sprang to his long set and earnest eyes, tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked back into the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close and leaned back against the window in silence.

"A mute, inglorious Milton;" or rather Webster going about the world struggling with his own soul, yet bound by chains of ignorance which precluded his doing but a moiety of the good it lay in his power to do.

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage-stand, looking up a band-box for a sweet looking country girl, who was going to learn the milliners' trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage we discovered him again holding an old man by the hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the deaf, grey-headed sire the right information as to the route he should take to get to his "darter, who lived near muscatine, Iowa."

"God bless him for his noble deeds!" was our earnest aspiration as we whirled around the corner. May the gold in his pocket never diminish, for in his unnumbered charities and mercies, dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is perhaps more good in his day and generation than he who devotes his thousands to build charitable institutions in honor to his own name.

Oh, how much the world needs great hearts that are able to comprehend little things; and yet how often it happens that the learned, the rich and the wise outgrow the everyday wants of humanity, and feeling within themselves the power to move mightily, pass by humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap with joy, and push on, looking for some great wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some giant work to be accomplished—and failing to find the great work, live and die incarcerated in their own selfishness, and do nothing at all.

This rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance, his great heart warmed, and his great hand expedited his little work of charity—so small that one would have a longer column to set down his account of good deeds, well done, than to all the rest of the passengers of the crowded car on that tedious, stormy night in January, 1857.

Arkansas Conference—Appointments.

HELENA DIST.—S. Carlile, P. E. Helena Station, R. W. Hammett; Helena Circuit and mission, G. A. Donnelly and J. C. Beekam; Mt. Vernon, W. H. Walton; Walnut Bend, R. H. Dodson; Marion, Wm. Carter; Osceola, James McKey; Laconia and African mission, H. H. Hankins and F. W. Thacker;

JACKSONPORT DIST.—J. J. Roberts, P. E. Jacksonport station, B. Harris; Jacksonport circuit, Wm. T. Noe; Powhattan, J. D. Stockton; Pocahontas, D. N. Bowles; Gainsville circuit, J. A. Roach; Greensboro circuit, to be supplied; Bolivar circuit, Wm. Mallory; Bolivar African mission, to be supplied; Black River mission, J. Glasgow.

SEARCY DIST.—John Cowle, P. E. Searcy circuit, Ed. T. Jones; Lawrenceville circuit, W. R Foster; Augusta station, W. H. Gilliam; Augusta circuit and African mission, J. D. Andrews; Lewisburg Circuit, Stephens Farish; Clinton mission, J. M. Burkhart; Cadron circuit, Cornelius Sykes.

BATESVILLE DIST.—J. S. McCarver, P. E. Batesville station, J. H. Rice; Batesville circuit, J. M. Rogers; Grand Glaze, C. McGuire; Big Creek mission, to be supplied; Lebanon mission, J. L. Hicks; Richwoods mission, H. H. Barnett; Salem mission, B. F. Hall; Strawberry circuit, J. H. Mann; Soulesbury Institute to be supplied.

CLARKSVILLE DIST.—L. P. Lively, P. E. Clarksville circuit, J. M. Deason; Dover circuit, Burwell Lee; Dardanelle circuit, J. L. Denton; Wallace Institute, P. A. Moses, member of Van Buren Quarterly Conference; Ozark circuit, J. B. Brown; Roseville mission, J. D. Adney; Waldron circuit, J. Griffin; Fort Smith and Van Buren station. A. H. Kenneday.

FAYETTEVILLE DIST.—T. Stanford, P. E. Fayetteville station, J. Rhyne; Fayetteville circuit, J. A. Williams; Boonsboro, D. H. Carithers; Bentonville, J. Banks; Maysville mission, G. Boyd; White River mission, J. P. Maxwell; Huntsville and Carrollton circuit, T. B. Hilburn and S. E. Thornton; Newton mission, to be supplied; R. G. Brittain, Tract Agent and member of Augusta Quarterly Conference.

J. M. Steele, Agent of American Bible Society and member of Batesville Station Quarterly Conference.

The missionary collection is $3,499 48. Our membership is an increase over last year. You may hear from me again. ALPHONSO.

WE LOOK TOO FAR.—Sterne says: "The grand error of life is, we look too far; we scale the heavens; we dig down to the centre of the earth for systems, and we forget ourselves. Truth lies before us; it is the highway path, and the plowman treads on it with clouted shoes."

Some ten years since an old Dutchman purchased, in the vicinity of Brooklyn, a snug little farm for $9,000. Recently a lot of land speculators calledupon him to buy him out. On asking his price, he said he would take $60,000. "And how much remain on bond and mortgage?" "Nine thousand dollars." "And why not more?" interrogated the would-be purchasers. "Because the place isn't worth any more!"

Truth crushed to earth will rise again; the eternal years of God are her's.

The Pulpit and the Bar.

A correspondent of the London *Christian Observer*, under the signature of "a Barrister," gives the following reasons why less interest is commonly taken in sermons than in speeches at the Bar:

"One obvious reason, I think, is to be found in the difference of nature and circumstances in the two professions. Every clergyman must preach, but only a few barristers have to speak, so that you compare the picked men of one profession with the rank and file of the other. There are perhaps twenty thousand preaching clergymen in England—I do not think that there are five hundred barristers who ever open their mouths in any court, civil or criminal; and of those five hundred persons, perhaps fifty monopolise all the business which requires any considerable power. I do not think that you will find anything so tiresome as the speaking of a third or fourth rate member of the bar. I have heard, I am sorry to say, many dull sermons, but I hardly ever heard sermons as dull and poor as the speeches to which I have listened at Quarter Sessions. I remember hearing a man once say 'you know' fifty seven times in the latter half of a short speech in a petty prosecution. The popular notion of the eloquence of barristers is founded upon their occasional and exceptional efforts, which are, no doubt, sometimes of a very high order. But then to compare them with the general average of sermons is obviously unfair. They should be compared with the best sermons of the best preachers. I admit, however, that if this comparison were made, the speeches of the lawyers would still be found to interest more than the sermons of the clergymen, and in a large number of cases might be remembered much longer. The reasons for this are, I think, manifold.

"Then again, the instruments which may be brought into action in the two professions are different. Some of the elements of forensic eloquence would be wholly out of place in the pulpit. A man could not be witty there, nor sarcastic, nor familiar, without shocking his hearers. In those cases in which the restraints which custom imposes upon the clergy of the Established Church are thrown aside, a very great, effect of a particular kind, at least, is often produced. I say nothing of the expediency or of the consequences of such innovations, but that their introduction produces as much emotion as anything which is said at the bar, there can be no sort of doubt.

"I should say, however, that apart from the greater latitude in the style of address which is allowed to barristers than to clergymen, the nature of the subject matter of a lawyer's speech gives him a great advantage, as to direct personal interest, over the clergyman. He is talking of things with which his audience is perfectly familiar, and upon which he makes himself intelligible without an effort. Every one has a clear notion of what is meant by buying and selling, engaging servants, hiring houses, stealing sheep, forging bank notes, and the like. But the clergyman is constantly speaking of matters which are hardly susceptible of strict definition, and from which a large part of his audience are far from attaching a distinct, definite meaning. Now a barrister has almost always to deal with particulars—and a clergyman with generalties. When a barrister has to deal with generalities, he is, to unprofessional persons, duller than the dullest preacher. If any one doubts it let him go into a Court of Equity and hear an argument on the construction of a will, or let him listen to arguments on demurrers in the Courts of Common Law.

"Unquestionably, however, the strongest of all reasons for the disparity of which the cause is sought, is to be found in the different circumstances under which sermons are preached and speeches are made. There is no counsel on the other side in a church; there is no judge, there is no jury. Each of these three circumstances has a direct tendency to increase the interest of a trial. Besides the personal rivalry which may exist between particular men, a barrister speaks with the consciousness that he is being watched and will be answered. This keeps a man from giving way to the temptation to evade or skim over the difficulties of the case. He also speaks subject to the correction of the judge, who will not fail to expose and reprove him, often very sharply, if he fails in his duty. And, above all, he speaks to a jury who have to give a definite answer to a definite question. He is speaking on a definite matter of business, tending to an immediate, definite, practical result. A clergyman has no such advantage as this."

DR. THOMAS DICK.—The Dundee *Advertiser* contains the following brief biographical sketch of the venerable Thomas Dick, LL. D., author of "The Christian Philosopher," and many other delightful works, in which religion and science are made to illustrate each other:

"He was born in Hilltown, Dundee, on the 24th November, 1774, his father being Mungo Dick, a small linen manufacturer, and a member of the Secession Church, by whom he was brought up with the exemplary care common among Christian parents in Scotland in those times. As early as his ninth year he is said to have had his mind turned to astronomical studies by the appearance of a meteor. His father intended to bring him up to the manufacturing business, but a severe attack of small-pox, followed by measles, greatly weakened his constitution, and probably confirmed his own wish for mental rather than manual exertion; so that, although set to the loom, having got possession of a small work on astronomy, it become his constant companion, even while plying the shuttle.

"His curiosity to see the planets described in the book led him to contrive a machine for grinding a series of lenses, and by the help of a pasteboard tube he made for himself a telescope. His parents wisely gave way to his inclination, and at the age sixteen he became an assistant teacher in one of the schools at Dundee, and began to prepare himself for the University of Edinburgh, which he entered as student in his twentieth year, supporting himself by private teaching. At this period he began to contribute essays to various publications. For ten years he taught at Perth, where he wrote the *Christian Philosopher*, which deservedly became a favorite work, and in a short time ran through several editions.

"The success of that work induced him to resign his position as a teacher, and retire to Broughton Ferry, near Dundee, where, in 1827, in the fifty-third year of his age, he established himself in a neat little cottage on the hill, to the astonishment of the villagers at the time, who looked with wender upon his observatory, and speculated greatly on his reason for dwelling so much above them. From that time until the last few years, when the chill of age stayed his hand, his pen was ever busy preparing the numerous works in which, under different forms and by various methods, he not only, as an American divine has said, brought down philosphy from heaven to earth, but raised it from earth to heaven."

Anecdotes of Whitefield.

Who can tell the results of a single sermon, or trace the consequences of one conversion? When Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became the subject of Divine grace, and her spirit was peculiarly drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years of age. After a time it pleased God to touch the heart of the child, and give her the hope of salvation. In a transport of holy joy she then exclaimed:

"O, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbors and tell them that they may be happy and love my Savior."

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion.

"O, mother," replid the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me."

She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner, but that her blessed Savior had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins; and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy. The neighborhood was awakened, and within a few months more than fifty persons were brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and rejoiced in his power and grace.

Several incidents are related of Whitefield, to show the skill and power with which he could seize upon passing circumstances, and apply them to the great purpose which he always had in view.

On one occasion, near Edinburgh, a poor, unhappy man placed himself on one of the boughs of a tree, under the shade of which Whitefield was to preach, and mimicking his gestures with monkey-like dexterity, endeavored to raise a laugh in the audience. Guided by the looks of some of his hearers, Whitefield caught a glance of him, but without seeming to notice him, continued his discourse. With the skill of a wise orator, he reserved the incident for the proper place and time. While forcibly speaking of the power and sovereignty of Divine grace, with increasing earnestness he spoke of the unlikely objects it had often chosen, and the unlooked for triumphs it had achieved. As he rose to the climax of his inspiring theme, when in the full sweep of his eloquence, he suddenly paused, and turning round, and pointing slowly to the poor creature above him, he exclaimed, in a tone of deep and thrilling pathos:

"Even *he* may yet be the subject of that free and resistless grace."

It was a shaft from the Almighty, winged by the Divine Spirit; it struck the scoffer to the heart, and realized in his conversion the glorious truth it contained.

In connection with Whitefield's first visit to Edinburgh, it is related that a gentleman, on returning from one of his sermons, was met by an eminent minister whom he usually heard, and who expressed great surprise that he should go to hear such a man. The gentleman replied:

"Sir, when I hear you, I am planting trees all the time; but during the whole of Mr. Whitefield's sermon I could not find time to plant one."

A similar instance is related of a ship-builder who could "build a ship from stem to stern during the sermon, but under Mr. Whitefield could not lay a single plank."

In the early period of Whitefield's ministry in England, many of the taverns became places where his doctrines and zeal were talked of and ridiculed. A Mr. Thorpe, and several other young men in Yorkshire, undertook, at one of these parties, to mimic the preaching of Mr. Whitefield. One after another stood on the table to perform his part, and it devolved upon Mr. Thorpe to close this irreverent scene. Much elated, and confident of success, he exclaimed, as he ascended the table:

"I shall beat you all!"

The Bible was handed him, and by the guidance of an unerring Providence, he opened at the verse, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." The moment he read the text, his mind was impressed in a most extraordinary manner; he saw clearly the nature and importance of the subject; and as he afterwards said, if he ever preached with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, it was at that time. His address produced a feeling of depression upon his auditors; and when he had finished, he instantly retired to weep over his sins.

He soon after became associated with the people of God, and died a successful minister of Christ.

Whitefield was one day preaching in Plymouth, in England. A ship-builder, who was at work near by, heard the voice, and resolved, with five or six of his companions, to go and drive him from the place where he stood; and for this purpose they filled their pockets full of stones. When, however, Mr. Tanner drew near, and heard Mr. Whitefild earnestly inviting sinners to Christ, he was filled with astonishment, his resolution failed him, and he went home with his mind deeply impressed. On the following evening he again attended, and heard Mr. Whitefield on the sin of those who crucified the Redeemer. After he had forcibly illustrated the theme, he appeared to look intently on Mr. Tanner, as he exclaimed, with great energy:

"Thou art the man!"

These words powerfully impressed Mr. Tanner, and in the agony of his soul he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The preacher then proceeded to proclaim the free and abundant grace of the Lord Jesus, which he commanded to be preached among the very people who had murdered him; a gleam of hope entered the heart of the penitent, and he surrendered himself to Christ. Mr. Tanner afterwards entered the ministry, and labored with great success for many years at Exeter.

RECEIPT FOR A POPULAR LECTURE.—The following is Doctor Elder's receipt for a popular lecture: "Take one drop of thought, beat it up to a bushel of bubble, and throw rainbows on it for one hour."

A MAMMOTH APPLE.—The editor of the *Richmond* (Va.) *Dispatch* acknowledges the receipt of a mammoth Pippin, weighing one and a half pounds, and measuring fifteen inches in circumference! It was perfect in form, sound and delicious.—*Ga. Paper.*

And the editor of the *Advocate, this* Advocate, acknowledges the *non*-receipt of several large fine apples, pippins and other kinds, that were *not* sent to him by his friends. No doubt the aforesaid pippins were "perfect in form, sound and delicious," and that, perhaps, is the very reason the editor never saw them.